

# THE WEEKLY ARIZONAN.

Vol. 2.

Tucson, A. T., Saturday, October 9, 1869.

No 39

THE WEEKLY ARIZONAN  
Weekly Journal, devoted to the  
interests of Arizona Territory.

Published every Saturday at Tucson, A. T.

W. DOONER.....Editor.

## Terms of Subscription,

Copy, one year..... \$7.00  
Copy, six months..... \$4.00  
Copy for three months..... 2.00  
Single numbers, each..... 25  
Subscriptions must be paid invariably in advance

## Advertising Rates.

One dollar per square for the first insertion  
One dollar for each subsequent insertion  
All business letters must be addressed to the  
Editor, and all "correspondence" to the  
Editor.

J. E. McCAFFREY.

CORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW  
TUCSON, A. T.  
January 2d 1869-tf

G. H. OURY,

Attorney and Counselor at Law  
Office in Court-house Building  
TUCSON, A. T.  
aug 4:67

PIONEER BREWERY.

TUCSON, A. T.  
LAGER BEER, ALE and PORTER  
Constantly on hand.  
A. LEVIN & J. GOLDTREE.  
March 14, 1869-11-tf

Goodwin Adam Sanders

GOODWIN & SANDERS,  
Dealers in General Merchandise  
TUCSON, A. T.

Have this day on hand and are constantly  
receiving, a large stock of goods selected  
EXPRESSLY FOR THIS MARKET,

Goodwin Adam Sanders  
Goods and Clothing, Hats and Caps, Boots  
Shoes, Military Furnishing goods of all des-  
criptions, Staple and Fancy Goods, Belts, Pistols,  
Rifles, Percussion caps, &c., &c., which they  
sell cheap for cash.  
Grateful for past favors they respectfully solicit  
continuance of public patronage.  
Oct. 1, 1869-tf.

HOOPER, WHITING, & CO.

San Francisco and Fort Yuma, California  
Arizona City, Maricopa Wells, Sacaton,  
Sweet Water and Camp McDowell,  
Arizona.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

General Merchandise,

Forwarding and Commission

Merchants.

We wish to call the attention of the public

generally, and Merchants, particularly, to our

facilities for Wholesaling and Jobbing at LOW

RATES.

We keep constantly on hand at

ARIZONA CITY

Largest and most General Stock of Goods

in the Territory, or in any one House south

of San Francisco.

PRISING EVERYTHING THE COUNTRY

REQUIRES.

Our goods are either imported directly of

direct importers. We buy nothing

from second hands; thereby saving the

San Francisco Jobber's Profit which is

ALL WE ASK TO MAKE.

"Live and Let Live,"

is our motto. Our terms are

CASH, EXCLUSIVELY, and for cash,

are always in readiness to supply dealers,

merchants, and others, with goods, in jobbing lot

unprecedentedly Low for cash

HOOPER, WHITING & CO.

Arizona City May 1, 1869.

## SOROSIS.

The shades of night were falling fast,  
As through an eastern city passed,  
A blooming maid in bloomers dressed,  
With this device upon her crest,  
Soros!s!

Her brows were kind; beneath her veil  
Her eyes blazed like a comet's tail  
And like a martial bugle rung  
The tones of that outlandish tongue,  
Soros!s!

In happy homes she saw the light,  
Where hope and love made all things bright;  
Without the night was dark and bleak,  
And from her lips escaped the shriek—  
Soros!s!

"Try not the polls! O maid beware  
The scheming politician's snare."  
'Twas all in vain the old man cried,  
For still that ringing voice replied,  
Soros!s!

"O stay," the young man said "and rest  
Thy waterfall upon my vest!"  
A tear stole down her painted cheek,  
But still she answered with a squeak,  
Soros!s!

"Beware the baleful company  
Of Francis Train and Susan B!"  
This was old Greeley's warning knell.  
A voice replied, you go to—well  
Soros!s!

At break of day, as through the street,  
The watchman walks his lonely beat,  
With heavy eyes and sleepy yawn,  
A voice cried through the purple dawn,  
Soros!s!

Next evening, on a rostrum high,  
The maiden stood with blazing eye,  
While from her lips, serene but pale,  
A voice came, like a northeast gale,  
Soros!s!

—Some fellow—

## The Highest Balloon Ascention.

The following account of a balloon ascen-  
sion made by Messrs. Cowell and Glaisher, from  
Weymouth, England, which came near  
proving fatal to the aeronauts, is condensed  
from *Once a Week*:

One dull day in August, just afternoon, a  
balloon rose in the air at the foot of Cleve Hill—  
on the western edge of the central plain of  
England. It was inflated with the lightest of  
gases which chemical skill could produce, and  
it arose with amazing velocity.

A mile up it entered a stratum of clouds  
more than 1,000 feet thick. Emerging from  
this the sun shone brightly on the air ship, and  
the sky overhead was the clearest and deepest  
blue, and below lay cloudland—an immeasur-  
able expanse of clouds, whose surface looked  
as solid as that of the earth now lost to view.  
Lofly mountains and deep, dark ravines ap-  
peared below; peaks and sides of those cloud  
mountains next to the sun glittered like snow,  
but casting shadows as black as the solid rock.  
Up rose the balloon with tremendous velocity.  
Four miles above earth a pigeon was let loose;  
it dropped down through the air as if it had  
been a stone. The air was too thin to enable  
it to fly. It was as if a bark, laden to the deck,  
were to pass into an inland, unsaliny lake;  
the bark would sink at once in the thinner  
water. Up, up, still higher! What a silence  
profound! The heights of the sky were as still  
as the deepest depths of the ocean, where, as  
was found during the search for the Atlantic  
cable, the fine mud lies as undisturbed from year  
to year as the dust which imperceptibly gathers  
on the furniture of a deserted house. No sound,  
no life—only the bright sunshine falling thro'  
a sky it could not warm.

Up—five miles above the earth, higher than  
the inaccessible summit of Chimborazo or Daw-  
angiri. Despite the sunshine everything freezes.  
The air grows so thin to support life, even for  
a few moments. Two men only are in that ad-  
venturous balloon—the one steering the air  
ship, the other watching the scientific instru-  
ments, and recording them with a rapidity bred  
of long practise. Suddenly, as the latter looks  
on his instruments his sight grows dim; he  
takes a lens to help sight, and only marks from  
his falling barometer that they were still rising  
rapidly. A flask of brandy lies within a foot of  
him; he tries to reach it but his hands refuse  
to obey his will. He tries to call upon his  
comrade, who has gone up into the ring above;

a whisper in that dead stillness would suffice,  
but no sound comes from his lips—he is voice-  
less. The steersman comes down into the car;  
he sees his comrade in a swoon, and feels his  
own senses failing him.

He saw at once that life and death hung  
upon a few moments, and seized or tried to  
seize the valve, in order to let out a portion  
of the gas. His hands are purple with intense  
cold—they are paralyzed—they will not respond  
to his will. He seized the valve with his teeth  
and opened it a little—once, twice, thrice. The  
balloon began to descend. Then the swooned  
marksman returned to consciousness and saw  
the steersman standing before him. He looked  
at his instruments; they most have been near-  
ly eight miles up; but now the barometer was  
rising rapidly—the balloon was descending.  
Brandy was used. They had been higher  
above earth than mortal man or any other  
living being had ever been before.

One minute more of inaction, or compulsory  
inaction, on the part of the steersman, whose  
senses were failing him, and the air ship with  
its intensely rarified gas would have been float-  
ing unattended, with two corpses in the realms  
approaching space.

## A Pleasant Sensation?

The following is the partial story of an Indian  
fighter who came off minus his hair on the top  
of his head:

"When I fell I went over backward, drop-  
ping my gun, and I had got just half way up  
again, the squaw yanking me by the hair, when  
the Indian clubbed my gun and struck me  
across the neck. The blow stunned me: The  
squaw kept screeching and pulling my hair by  
handfuls. I heard some one of our boys  
shouting, close by, and the squaw started and  
run, one of the boys killing her not three rods  
off. The Indian stepped one foot on my chest,  
and with his hand gathered up the hair near  
crown of my head. He wasn't very tender  
about it, but jerked my head this way and that,  
like Satan. My eyes were partly open and I  
could see the headwork and trimming on his  
leggings. Suddenly I felt the awillest biting,  
cutting flash go round my head, and then it  
seemed to me as if my whole head had been  
jerked clean off. I never felt such pain in all  
my life; it was like pulling your brains right  
out. I did not know any more for two or three  
days, and when I came to I had the sorest  
head of any human being that ever lived. If  
the boys did kill the viper, they didn't get back  
my scalp, perhaps it was lost in the snow. I was  
shipped down to Larame after a bit, and the  
nursing I got ain't made the hair grow on this  
spot yet."

Says the San Bernardino *Guardian*: Our  
little burg was considerably exercised, at least  
some of the inhabitants thereof, on Tuesday  
last, by the report of new and rich gold dig-  
gings having been discovered in the vicinity of  
Lytle Creek. Some 40 or 50 persons have left  
town altogether for the new placers, and as  
many more hold themselves in readiness to go  
as soon as the locality is known. All sorts of  
rumors are afloat, as to the extent, and prob-  
able richness of the new golconda. To satisfy  
the public mind in regard to the discovery, we  
prosecuted our search until we found out every-  
thing about them: We learn from authentic  
sources that the placers are close about and  
between the headwaters of the San Gabriel and  
Colorado rivers. Numbers of our readers are  
aware that a great deal of prospecting has been  
done in that section of the country and claims  
have been found that paid as high as four  
ounces to the hand per day.

REFORMED:—"I shall tell you now it was:  
I put my hand on mine head, and there was  
von pain. Then I put my head on mine body  
and there was anoder. There was very much  
pain in all mine body. Then I put mine hand  
in mine pocket oon there was nothing. So I  
joined mit de temperance. Now there is no  
more pain in mine head, the pain in mine body  
was all gone away, I put mine hand in mine  
pocket there was twenty dollars. So I stay  
mit the temperance.

## Wonderful Phenomenon.

[Cheyenne Cor. Omaha Herald.]

Your paper having recently taken quite an  
interest in all that pertains to the growth of the  
agricultural and mineral resources of Wyoming,  
will not, I presume, refuse a little space to the  
feeble description of a meteorological phenom-  
enon that is now transpiring each evening in  
the skies above the Rocky Mountains in that  
romantic territory.

Since the recent solar eclipse, they have,  
upon the summit of the Rocky Mountain chain,  
what the inhabitants call a "second twilight,"  
so brilliant with colors of mist shade, and fire  
lights, as to pain the eye in the steady gaze  
upon them, and to leave an impression on the  
mind that will never be obliterated.

Just as the sun is about to set, a heavy mist  
gathers on the mountain, and growing dense  
and denser, it shuts out entirely the last expir-  
ing rays of that luminous body; then all is  
darkness, or nearly so, for some thirty minutes.  
Then, all at once, the heavens become lit  
up from the horizon all around, far up to a  
small circle in the center, with a vivid glare of  
the most dazzling chromatic colors, seeming as  
though a tremendous bonfire was ablaze below,  
throwing its glare in clear and steady flame  
above. This gorgeous and fearfully beautiful  
scene lasts for nearly an hour, then steals qui-  
etly away and the moon therefore dimmed by  
its fiery luster retains its ascendancy and light-  
up the balance of the night in pale shadows as  
it is wont to do in every other clime.

Now, what causes these chromatic twilights?  
They were never before witnessed by any of the  
oldest mountaineers. I was in that section at  
this season last year, and I have never seen so  
grand and so thrilling twilights, and these have  
only occurred since the great solar eclipse of  
the 17th instant. What does it mean? What  
does it portend? How does it originate?

Old Sharsay, the learned Ute chief, stands in  
silence each night gazing at this wonderful  
phenomenon, and when asked what he thinks  
about it, replies slowly and sadly: "Ugh! the  
Great Spirit is mad! He blows fire! His  
wigwam is in trouble! White man and red  
man better feel afraid, for the Great Spirit is  
mad—he is heap angry!"

French Pete, the old trapper and miner,  
says: "It is now twenty-three years since I  
saw the States. I have been about eleven years  
in these mountains, and I never seen such  
fiery nights. The winds are damper; they blow  
milder and the air grows heavier; I don't know  
how to account for it. It has all happened since  
the eclipse of the sun. Something dreadful is  
going to happen. There will be a big fire  
some of these days that all the water of the  
world will never drown out, and those days are  
coming rapidly."

If it be true, as one of the professors of the  
Cincinnati observatory says, that immense vo-  
lumes of hydrogen gas were thrown out from  
the center solar eclipse, how long will it be  
before the oxygen will be thrown out, and the  
carbon become the ruling and destroying ele-  
ment?

I give these particulars by request, and there  
are numbers of people in this city who, on last  
Sabbath and Monday nights, witnessed, with  
me, this wonderful phenomenon on the summit  
of the Rocky Mountains, 8,262 feet above the  
level, of the sea. The Cheyenne and Larame  
papers will endorse this description.

The Elko Independent says that long trains  
of emigrants may be almost daily seen winding  
their slow and tedious way through that place  
to California. A journey of 2,000 miles thro'  
desert and wilderness, seems something strange  
in this age of rapid locomotion. Second class  
cars and cheap fares will probably close out  
this mode of reaching the Pacific coast by  
another year. The Silver City Avalanche, of  
a later date says that terrible destitution and  
suffering exist among that portion of the emi-  
grants on their way to Oregon. Indian depreda-  
tions, sickness and accidents are the cause  
of the suffering.—*Appeal*.